

The Rose of Heartline

By Roberta Truex,

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A voice spoke to me deep within my soul and said, "You are safe".
"You are safe to let your walls down and share your deepest fears".
A voice spoke to me and told me "on the other side of fear is love".
Of course, I knew this in my left-brain, in fact I teach this to my clients.
But somehow this week was anointed; it was sacred, blessed, and holy.
Not like the holiness of perfection or the holiness of a monastery,
But the holiness that says, "all is well with my soul"* and "all is well with all".

There was more laughter this week than I ever remember in my life.
The walls shook and the ground vibrated with our laughter and our joy.
The mountains felt the glory of our presence and those who came before us.
I felt the very presence of Nancy Monroe and we sang Dona Nobis Pachim.
I felt the love of all those who made this week possible and created this space,
The space to release the blocks that keep us from knowing our greatness.

We played and created and sang and danced and told ghost stories at night.
We jumped on a makeshift surfboard, making up silly games we had long outgrown.
We were Little Red Riding Hood, the Big Bad Wolf and grandma going to focus 27
We were pretend woodcutters and big bears who tried our best to be comedians
We were Dorothy going to hear the "Wizdom of Bob" with Toto as our guide.
We were a Scarecrow at focus 10, the Tin Man at focus 12, and a Lion at focus 15.
We created beautiful works of art and returned them to the earth in gratitude.

I saw a deer which the Native Americans say signifies gentle, healing spirituality, and
We saw a tiny frog on a bell and frogs teach us that our tears cleanse our soul.
Was the deer a deer and the frog a frog or were they beings giving us their messages?
If anyone has ever hugged a tree or a huge rose crystal, you can imagine a week of
this!

There were country trails to walk, glorious mountains to climb, and a lake to find.
But the trails I walked were to my inner soul and I found the parts I had lost long ago.
The mountain I climbed gave me the strength to take the power of my identity back
And the waters of the pool cleansed the junk that had been stored for far too long.

Of course there were lots of tears; but as they fell down our cheeks we felt release.
And after the tears came the comfort, and a shared unity that embraced our hearts.
We said I love you so much that we felt we were overflowing with endless love.
I felt like every cell in my body was a heart chakra and that every touch an extension of
myself, wondering how any of us could ever have felt separate or alone.
I felt like every word spoken was divinely inspired because our angelic identity came
forth in full transparency without the need to hide behind masks or hidden agendas.

So for me, Heartline represented the most glorious week I can ever remember.
I will never be able to go back to the way I was, for I am indeed a new creation.

My family can hardly recognize the new me. I feel like I have a new friend in me.
I will never be able to totally express my gratitude to the Monroe Institute for this gift.

Every time I think of Heartline I feel myself expanding and continuing to grow.
To paraphrase Rumi, the great Sufi poet, "What was said to the rose to make it open,
was said to me in my heart."